Southern Cross

The Albino Eyes

Deepest Queensland in a sooped up Ute
Where the ghosts are pretty and the coppers shoot
Getting lost in an Australian dream
And all the misadventures that lie in-between

Searching for the southern cross
Thank your lucky stars
But you'd better keep away from the sides
We got crocodiles

Wanna drive til my eyeballs hurt
Pissing like a racehorse in the orange dirt
Stood there staring at a raging creek
Do you give it a go or camp there all week?

Camp fire disco

Light a fire for the billy can grog
I see a dancing lady coming through the fog
She got so close I could read her lips
As she danced right through my solar eclipse

Searching for the southern cross
Thank your lucky stars, my arse
But you'd better keep away from the sides
We got crocodiles
And camp fire disco hobos

Lyrics Submitted by David Thompson

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